CARMINA

T. A. DALY

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Irene N. Gehringer
The Highlands —
Portland, Oregon
1930.

CARMINA

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CARMINA

By

T. A. DALY

Author of "*Canzoni*"

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To
"HERSELF"

AUTHOR'S NOTE

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ITALICÈ

TWO 'MERICANA MEN

BEEG Irish cop dat walk hees beat
By dees peanutta stan',
First two, t'ree week w'en we are meet
Ees call me "Dagoman."
An' w'en he see how mad I gat,
Wheech eesa pleass heem, too,
Wan day he say: "W'at's matter dat,
Ain't 'Dago' name for you?
Dat's 'Mericana name, you know,
For man from Eetaly;
Eet ees no harm for call you so,
Den why be mad weeth me?"
First time he talka deesa way
I am too mad for speak,
But nexta time I justa say:
"All righta Meester Meeck!"

O! my, I nevva hear bayfore
Sooch langwadge like he say;

An' he don't look at me no more
For mebbe two, t'ree day.
But pretta soon agen I see
Dees beeg poleecaman
Dat com' an' growl an' say to me;
"Hallo, Eyetalian!
Now, mebbe so you gon' deny
Dat dat'sa name for you."
I smila back an' mak' reply:
"No, Irish, dat'sa true."
"Ha! Joe," he cry, "you theenk dat we
Should call you 'Merican?"
"Dat's gooda 'nough," I say, "for me,
Eef dat's w'at you are, Dan."

So now all times we speaka so
Like gooda 'Merican:
He say to me "Good morna, Joe,"
I say, "Good morna, Dan."

DA SWEETA SOIL

ALL weenter-time I work for deeg
Da tranch een ceety street,
An' I am looka like da peeg
An' smal jus' 'bout as sweet,
Baycause my han's, my face, my clo'es
Ees dirty as can be,
An' sewer-gas ees een my nose
An' steeck all ovra me.
More dirty an' more mean I feel
Dan I am look to you;
My soul eenside ees seeck, but steell,
W'at am I gona do?
Ees notheeng sweet een ceety street
For mak' me better man.
All men an' theengs dat I am meet
Mak' meanness all dey can,
An' all dey speak ees ogly words
An' do som' ogly theeng.
So even, too, dose leetla birds,
Dat ought be glad an' seeng,

Dey fight each other een da dirt
For dirty food dey eat.
Ah! so my soul eenside ees hurt
For work een ceety street.

But yestaday! Oh, yestaday,
I leeve, I breathe again!
Da boss ees sand me far away
For work een countra lane.
How can I mak' you ondrastand —
You are so grand, so reech —
To know da joy I feel, my frand,
For deeg dees countra deetch?
I sweeng my peeck, an' Oh! da smal,
W'en first I turn da sod!
So sweet! Escuse me eef I tal
Ees like da breath of God.
So pure da soil, like Eetaly,
I stoop an' taka piece
An' den — Oh! donta laugh at me —
I talk to eet and keess!
An' while I do dees foola theeng
An' mak' so seelly tears,

Ees com' a pritta bird an' seeng
  Hees music een my ears.
You know dees 'Mericana bird,
  Weeth breast so lika flame,
So red; I do not know da word
  You say for call hees name,
But w'at he seeng ees plain to me,
  An' dees ees part of eet:
"Ees spreeng, ees spreeng een Eetaly,
  So sweeta, sweeta, sweet!"

Oh, eef you weesh da Dagoman,
  Dat com' for leeve weeth you,
To be da gooda 'Merican
  An' love dees countra, too,
I ask you tak' heem by da hand,
  Away from ceety street,
An' show heem first dees granda land
  Where eet ees pure an' sweet.

LEETLA JOE

LEETLA Joe he always say:
"W'en I am beeg man som' day,
Eef so be I gona grow
Strong an' fat so like my Pop,
I weell go for be a cop,
Mebbe so."
Soocha talk for four-year-old!
Dough he brag so beeg an' bold
Een wan handa you could hold
Leetla Joe.

Leetla Joe he lay hees cheek
On my breast w'en he ees seeck,
Squeeze my arm an' tal me: "Oh!
Pretta soon I gona gat
Granda muscle lika dat.
W'en I grow
Like my Pop how proud I be!
Justa wait an' you weell see."
Ah! so sweet to hug to me
Leetla Joe!

But, baycause I'm 'fraid dat he
Wan day would be 'shame' of me, —
'Shame' for call me "Pop" an' know,
W'en he's fina 'Merican,
I'm so poor old Dagoman —
W'en I go
Where hees grave ees on da heell,
Dere ees joy for me to feel
Dat my heart can keep heem steell
Leetla Joe.

A GUIDE TO ITALY

EH? You are sail for Eetaly?
Oh, my! I weesh I gon' weeth you!
I show you all da place to see
An' all da besta peopla, too;
An' evratheeng you want, my frand,
So you could know, w'en you are through,
All theengs een dat so granda land —
Oh, my! I weesh I gon' weeth you!

Eh? Sure! I know da lan' so wal
I geeve advice bayfore you go;
I tal you all you want me tal.
W'at ees eet you weell like for know?
Da churcha? No, not Rome, my frand.
I tal you eef you want for see
Da fines' wans een all da land
You musta go for Napoli.
Da music? You are fond of eet?
Wal den, baylieve me eef I say
Ees no wan play so gran', so sweet

Like Banda Napoli ees play.
W'at kinda wine? Chianti! Oh,
My frand, you must have taste of dat.
Da best ees mak' from grapes dat grow
By Napoli, so beeg, so fat —
Eh? Where da besta peopla leeve?
Wal, now, I want you com' to me
Bayfore you sail an' I weel geeve
You names som' frands een Napoli —
Eh? Where da pritta ladies ees?
Ah, my! Ravenna ees da place,
Not Napoli, for findin' dese.
Ravenna girls ees gotta face
So sweet, an' teeth so white as snow,
So brighta eyes, so black da hair —
Ravenna ees my town? Oh! no,
My Rosa she ees com' from dere.
You know, I com' from Napoli,
Dat's how I know so mooch to tal
About da besta theengs to see;
You see, I know dem vera wal.

Eh? Wal, good-day, my frand. Oh, no,
I glad for tal you w'at to do
Een Eetaly, bayfore you go —
Oh, my, I weesh I gon' weeth you!

DA BOY FROM ROME

TO-DAY ees com' from Eetaly
A boy ees leeve een Rome,
An' he ees stop an' speak weeth me —
I weesh he stay at home.

He stop an' say "Hallo," to me,
An' w'en he standin' dere
I smal da smal of Eetaly
Steell steeckin' een hees hair,
Dat com' weeth heem across da sea,
An' een da clo'es he wear.

Da peopla bomp heem een da street,
De noise ees scare heem, too;
He ees so clumsy een da feet
He don't know w'at to do,
Dere ees so many theeng he meet
Dat ees so strange, so new.

He sheever an' he ask eef here
Eet ees so always cold.

Den een hees eye ees com' a tear —
He ees no vera old —
An', oh, hees voice ees soun' so queer
I have no heart for scold.

He look up een da sky so gray,
But oh, hees eye ees be
So far away, so far away,
An' w'at he see I see.
Da sky eet ees no gray to-day
At home een Eetaly.

He see da glada peopla seet
Where warma shine da sky —
Oh, while he eesa look at eet
He ees baygeen to cry.
Eef I no growl an' swear a beet
So, too, my frand, would I.

Oh, why he stop an' speak weeth me,
Dees boy dat leeve een Rome,
An' com' to-day from Eetaly?
I weesh he stay at home.

DA COWARD DAGOMAN

I NEVVA see Eetalian
Dat ees so scare', so coward man,
Like Malatesta, from Milan.
You bat my life, hees — w'at you call? —
Hees "cheecken-heart" eet ees so small
You can no find da theeng at all!
Eh? Don't you read een paper how
Som'body stab heem een da row
Dat happen lasta Frida' night?
Eh? No, he ees alive all right;
But now w'en he ees gattin' wal,
An' all poleece ees ask heem tal
Who ees da man dat cut heem so,
He justa say: "I don'ta know."
Now, w'at you theenk sooch coward man
Like Malatesta from Milan?
I tal you w'at, eet mak' me seeck —
Eh? sure he know who do da treeck!
But he ees scare' for tal, my frand,
For dat he fear da Blacka Hand.

Eh? W'at? Of course ees true. I know,
Or else I would no tal you so.
Yes, I am sure! baycause I see
Dat bada man from Seecily,
Dat leeve een jail mos' all hees life,
Giuseppe Galdi, pull hees knife
An' den, so lika cat, so queeck,
He mak' da jompa — So! — an' steeck
Poor Malatesta deesa way!
Den—presto! he is gon' an'—eh?
Why *I* don't tal dem w'at I see?
Me tal poleece? Escusa me!
You see, I jus' was gona say
So queeck da bad man run away —
An', too, my eyes ees poor at night —
You see, ees mebbe so I might
Be wrong 'bout Galdi. Sooch meestak'
Ees posseeble, you know, to mak'.
Baysides, w'at for I care? You see,
Eet ees no beezaness for me.
Da man dat's cut he ees da best
To tal poleece for mak' arrest.
But Malatesta, from Milan,

He eesa coward Dagoman;
Hees cheecken-heart eet ees so small
You can no find da theeng at all!

PADRE ANGELO

PADRE Angelo he say:
"Why you no gat married, eh?
You are maka playnta mon'
For gon' taka wife, my son."
"No; I am too beeza man
'Tandin' dees peanutta stan'.
I no gatta time for play
Fooleeshness weeth girls," I say.
"My! you don'ta tal me so?"
Ees say Padre Angelo.

Bimeby, mebbe two, t'ree day,
Younga girl she com' an' say:
"Padre Angelo ees here?
No? Eet eesa vera queer!
Heesa housakeepa say
I gon' find heem deesa way."
While she eesa speaka so
Ees com' Padre Angelo.
"Rosa! you are look for me?"

He ees say to her, an' she
Say: "Oh, pleass, go homa, queeck,
You are want' for som' wan seeck.
I am sand for find you here."
"Ah! da seecka-call, my dear.
Com'," say Padre Angelo,
"Deesa younga man ees Joe;
Shaka han's bayfore we go."
So I am shak' han's weeth her —
Leetla han' so sof' like fur —
Den she bow to me an' go
Weetha Padre Angelo.

Bimeby, s'pose two, t'ree day more,
She ees com' jus' like bayfore,
An' she aska me: "You know
Where ees Padre Angelo?
Housakeep' she tal me wait
Eef he don't be vera late."
So I tal her taka seat
An' to hav' som' fruit for eat.
Den I talk to her an' she
Smila sweet an' talk to me;

How long time I donta know.
Den com' Padre Angelo.
"Oh," she say, "go homa queeck,
You are want' for som' wan seeck."
"My!" he say, "dese seecka-call!
I am gat no peace at all."
"Oh, wal, com', my dear," he say,
An' he takin' her way.
I am sad for see her go
Weetha Padre Angelo.

Many times ees lika dat.
Peopla always seem for gat
Seecka when he ees away.
Rosa com' mos' evra day.
An' som' time she gatta stay
Pretta longa time, you know,
Teell com' Padre Angelo.
Steell I no gat any keeck
How mooch peopla gatta seeck;
I am feela glad dey do —
Rosa, she no keeckin', too.

Lasta night my Rosa she
Go to Padre weetha me,
An' I tal heem: "Pretta soon —
Mebbe so da firsta June —
Rosa gona be my wife!"
He ees s'prise', you bat my life!
"W'at?" he say, an' rub hees eyes,
"Dees ees soocha glada s'prise!
My! you don'ta tal me so?"
Ees say Padre Angelo.

IN THE HURLY-BURLY

I GOTTA stand een Walla Street,
But beez'ness don'ta pay,
For no wan here got time for eat;
So I gon' mova 'way.
Grand, reecha men dey hurry past
Een sunshine, een da rain;
An' oh, dey go so fast, so fast,
Eet geeve my heada pain.
I gotta fines' fruit far sal
You findin' anywhere,
But steell I mighta jus' as wal
Be dead fur w'at dey care.
Ees only wan theeng here I love —
Dose birds dat feed een street;
I s'pose you mebbe call dem "dove" —
Eh? "Peegeon?" Yes, dat's eet.
All day dey fly about my stand
An' som' of dem I mak'
For justa seet upon my hand
An' eata nut an' cak'.

But steell da 'Mericans go by
An' nevva look at me.
Dey got so strange look een da eye;
I wondra w'at dey see.
Wance only was dere wan so good
An' kind to stop een street
An' throw dose pretta birds som' food
An' wait for watch dem eat.
"Ah! here," I theenk, "ees granda man,"
But pretta soon I see
Ees justa drunka 'Merican —
So drunk as he can be.
So I am seeck weeth Walla Street,
For beez'ness don'ta pay;
Ees no wan here got time for eat,
So I gon' mova 'way.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

W'AT for you call me "Dago man,"
An' mak' so bada face?
Ees no room for Eetalian
Een deesa bigga place?

I s'pose you are more better dan
Da Dago man could be.
But, pleassa, Meester 'Merican,
I ask you wait and see.
How long you leeve een deesa land?
Eh? Thirta-seven year?
Ees onla seexa mont', my frand,
Seence I am comin' here.
I weesh you geeve me time for try
An' see w'at I can do,
So mebbe I gon' be, bimeby,
So gooda man like you.
Baycause I am so strong, I guess
I gon' do pretta wal.

So long I 'tand to beezaness
An' jus' bayhave mysal'.
My leetla cheeldren, too, ees strong —
Eh? You no gotta none?
You married, Meester? Eh? How long?
Twalve year! an' no got wan?
Oh, I am sad for you, my frand —
Eh? Why you laugh at me?
Escuse! I do not ondrastand;
I am so strange, you see.
My "keeds ees no good breed," you say?
Ah! wal, ees mebbe not,
But dey weell be more good som' day
Dan dose you don'ta got;
An' dey be stronga 'Merican,
More strong dan you are, too.
Ees notta many Dago man
So skeenny lika you.
Oh! pleass, my frand, no gatta mad!
Shak' han' bayfore you go.
Escusa me! I am so sad
For speakin' to you so.

But why you call me "Dago man"
An' mak' so bada face?
Ees no room for Eetalian
Een deesa bigga place?

MIA CARLOTTA

GIUSEPPE, da barber, ees greata for "mash,"
He gotta da bigga, da blacka moustache,
Good clo'es an' good styla an' playnta good cash.

W'enevra Giuseppe ees walk on da street,
Da peopla dey talka, "how nobby! how neat!
How softa da handa, how smalla da feet."

He leefta hees hat an' he shaka hees curls,
An' smila weeth teetha so shiny like pearls;
Oh, manny da heart of da seelly young girls
He gotta.
Yes, playnta he gotta —
But notta
Carlotta!

Giuseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,
An' lika da steam engine puffa an' sigh,
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by.

Carlotta she walka weeth nose in da air,
An' look through Giuseppe weeth far-away
stare,
As eef she no see dere ees som'body dere.

Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash,
He gotta da clo'es an' da bigga moustache,
He gotta da seelly young girls for da
"mash,"
But notta —
You bat my life, notta —
Carlotta.
I gotta!

THE LONELY HONEYMOON

YOU know dees Joe dat use' to go
For work weeth me, Signor?
He's marry, yestaday, you know,
An' gon' for Baltimore;
An' so deesgusta man like Joe
You nevva see bayfore!

Eh? No, da girl's all right, my frand;
Dat's mak' eet harder, too.
Ha! wait an' you weell ondrastand —
I tal eet all to you.
You see, dees Joe long time ago
Gat Rosa for hees mash,
An' evra seence he worka so
For mak' an' save da cash,
Baycause he want gat marry soon
An' mebbe takin', too,
Dees — w'at you calla — "honeymoon,"
Like 'Mericana do.
Wan day he tak' fi'-dollar note

An' go to steamsheep store
An' buy two teecket for da boat
Dat sail for Baltimore.
An' den he tal me: "Shut your mout'
An' justa looka wise.
Dees theeng ees no for talka 'bout;
Eet gona be su'prise."
So, w'en dey marry yestaday
He smile so proud, Signor,
W'en he ees keess her cheek an' say:
"We sail for Baltimore!"
Ah! den, my frand, so sadda sight
You nevva see. Oh, my!
Poor Rosa she ees gat so white
An' ees baygeen to cry.
"Ees dees," she say, "a weddin' treep?
Sooch fooleeshness you speak!
I no can stand eet een a sheep,
Da sea ees mak' me seeck."
Poor Joe, he swear an' den he keess,
An' coax an' beg her so,
For theenk of all dat she weell meess —
But no, she weell no go.

"O! Rosa mia!" Joe ees cry,
"Your heart eet ees a stone,
For dat you mak' me say 'good-bye'
An' tak' da treep alone!"

Oh, lonely honeymoon, an' oh,
So sadda man, Signor,
Dat gotta leave hees wife an' go
Alone for Baltimore!
So hearta-broka man like Joe
You nevva see bayfore.

TO THE DYSPEPTIC

MY frand, you would like I should tal
w'at I theenk;
You weesh me advisin' you, too?
Wal, den, eet ees justa da food an' da dreenk;
Dat's all dat's da matter weeth you!
O! 'Merican man, you are maka meestak'
For eata so moocha da meat.
W'at for you no learn, for your stomacha
sak',
W'at theengs ees da besta for eat?
You lika roas' beef an' you lika da pie,
An' all so reech fooda like dat;
An' den you weell growl an' you wondra for
why
Sooch pain een da stomach you gat.
You evva see Dagoman seeck from hees
food?
I bat you fi'-dolla, not mooch!
Baycause for hees eatin' he finda more good
Een fruit an' da salad an' sooch.

Da vegetabals dat ees grow een da spreeng
Ees vera bes' food you can gat,
So how you gon' 'scusa dees fooleesha theeng
You do to Giuseppe Baratt'?
Giuseppe — Giuseppe da barber, you know —
He tal me you com' een hees place,
An', while he ees shave you, you growl at heem so
An' maka sooch frown weeth your face,
Baycause he no lika da same kinda food
Dat mak' a man cranky like you.
You tal heem da stuff dat he eat ees no good;
He tal me you swear at heem, too —
Eh? Yes, dees young onion dat grow een da spreeng,
So tender, so juicy, so sweet!
You think ees no right he should eat soocha theeng?
Dat's vera bes' food you can eat!
You would no be crank eef you theenk like I theenk;

You gona be happier, too.
You no ondrastan' da good food an' good dreenk;
Dat's all dat's da matter weeth you.

LEETLA GIORGIO WASHEENTON

YOU know w'at for ees school keep out
Dees holiday, my son?
Wal, den, I gona tal you 'bout
Dees Giorgio Washeenton.

Wal, Giorgio was leetla keed
Ees leeve long time ago,
An' he gon' school for learn to read
An' write hees nam', you know.
He moocha like for gona school
An' learna hard all day,
Baycause he no gat time for fool
Weeth bada keeds an' play.
Wal, wan cold day w'èn Giorgio
Ees steell so vera small,
He start from home, but he ees no
Show up een school at all!
Oh, my! hees Pop ees gatta mad
An' so he tal hees wife:

"Som leetla boy ees gon' feel bad
To-day, you bat my life!"
An' den he grab a bigga steeck
An' gon' out een da snow
An' lookin' all aroun' for seek
Da leetla Giorgio.
Ha! w'at you theenk? Firs' theeng he see
Where leetla boy he stan',
All tangla up een cherry tree,
Weeth hatchet een hees han'.
"Ha! w'at you do?" hees Pop he say,
"W'at for you busta rule
An' stay away like dees for play
Eenstead for gon' to school?"
Da boy ees say: "I no can lie,
An' so I speaka true.
I stay away from school for try
An' gat som' wood for you.
I theenka deesa cherry tree
Ees gooda size for chop,
An' so I cut heem down, you see,
For justa help my Pop."
Hees Pop he no can gatta mad,

But looka please' an' say:
"My leetla boy, I am so glad
You taka holiday."

Ees good for leetla boy, you see,
For be so bright an' try
For help hees Pop; so den he be
A granda man bimeby.
So now you gotta holiday
An' eet ees good, you know,
For you gon' do da sama way
Like leetla Giorgio.
Don't play so mooch, but justa stop,
Eef you want be som' good,
An' try for help your poor old Pop
By carry home som' wood;
An' mebbe so like Giorgio
You grow for be so great
You gona be da Presidant
Of dese Unita State'.

THE BUSY WIFE

SEE dat, Signor? See, dere she go.
Ah! look, she wave her hand!
She's Rosa; dat's my wife, you know.
Oh, granda girl, my frand.
Ees notheeng look to me so sweet
An' mak' me feel so good
Like Rosa walkin' down da street
Weeth bigga loada wood.
So easy, weeth eet on her head,
She eesa sweeng along,
You theenk eet ees a hat eenstead —
Eh? how ees dat for strong?
I no could find een all da worl',
You justa bat my life!
Anudder soocha fina girl
Like Rosa for da wife.
Eh? Sure, I gotta mon' enough.
Eh? w'ata for I mak'
Her carry home sooch heavy stuff?
Oh! my, you are meestak'.

I do not mak' her do dees theeng.
I mighta be a cop —
I mighta even be da Keeng —
I no could mak' her stop.
She like for doin' deesa way;
She gat her work to do
For keep her beezy alla day,
So lika me an' you.
Eh? Sure she ees Eetalian,
An' I am proud — Eh? W'at?
"She no be gooda 'Merican
So long she doin' dat?"
I s'posa w'at you say ees true,
But den, you see, Signor,
Ees playnta theeng dat she might do
Ees gona hurt her more.
Of course, som' day I want dat she
Be gooda 'Merican,
But not so good dat she weell be
Ashame' of Dagoman.
Som' 'Mericana girls, of course,
Dey theenk they are so good,
Dey rather work for gat Divorce

Eenstead for carry wood!
So, notheeng look to me so sweet,
An' mak' me feel so good,
Like Rosa walkin' down da street
Weeth bigga loada wood.

THE AUDIENCE

I MAK' not moocha mon' to-day,
So few ees hear da tunes I play.
Long time bayfore da sun ees shine
I tak' dees street pian' of mine
An' pull eet out from ceety street
To countra lane, where cool an' sweet
Da morneeng breeza blow, an' where
All theengs ees beautiful an' fair.
Oh, here, I theenk, I gona find
Som' peopla so good-heart' an' kind
Dey weell be glad for hear me play
An' notta tal me "gona 'way!"
Lika mosta do dat I am meet
W'en I am play een ceety street.

I walk an' walk, but eet ees queer
I meet so few da peopla here;
Ees only wan or two, but steell
I look for more. I climb da heell
An' travel down da hotta road.

Da street pian' ees heavy load;
I am baygeen for feel da heat,
An' so, bimeby, I stop an' seet
Een shady place bayside da way.
Oh, I am mad! I growl an' say:
"I mak' not moocha mon' to-day.
W'at for you com', O! foola man!
Where no wan hear your street pian'?"

But, den, w'at s'pose ees happen me?
Firs' theeng you know, ees leetla tree
Mak' funny noisa where eet stan's,
So like as eef eet clap eets han's!
Den gentla feengers een da air
Dey com' an' pull me by da hair;
Ees som'thing een dees sweeta breeze
Dat speak to me an' coax an' tease.
An' den da sky, so wide, so blue,
Eet seem to smile an' coax me, too.
So all theengs speak, as eef dey say:
"Com', let us have da music. Play!"

I play wan tune — yes, two, t'ree, four,

Like w'at I nevva do bayfore!
I stop. Da sky cry: "More!" An' den
I play dem evra wan agen.
So, too, I leeft my voice an' seeng.
Da breeze say "More!" to evratheeng.
So all day long ees lika dat.
O! 'Mericana man, I gat
Som' curses an' som' food to eat,
W'en I am play een ceety street,
But here da sky, da breeze, da tree,
Dey speak Eetalian to me!

I mak' not moocha mon' to-day,
So few ees hear da tunes I play,
But where is reecher man dan I
Dat play to breeze, an' tree, an' sky?

DA BESTA FRAND

NO keeck my dog! Ha! don'ta dare!
For jus' so queeck you do,
You Meester 'Merican, I swear
I brack your face for you!
Eh? W'at? Well, den, dat's alla right,
But let my Carlo be.
Escusa me for gat excite';
Com', look! I smila! See?
I want be frand weeth you, eef dat
You wanta be my frand,
But Carlo ees bes' frand I gat
Een all dees bigga land,
An' he ees firsta 'Merican
For com' w'en I am blue
An' mak' me feela like man —
I tal eet all to you.

W'en I am com' from Eetaly,
Jus' landa from da sheep,
Som' thief he tak' my mon' from me

An' — presto! — he ees skeep.
An' w'en I find ees gon', oh, my!
I scream, I pull my hair,
An' justa run aroun' an' cry
Like crazy man an' swear.
W'en com'sa beeg poleecaman,
I ask, I beg dat he
Weell catcha thiefa eef he can —
He justa laugh at me!
I seet een street — I am so blue —
An' justa hold my head
An' theenk "w'at am I gona do?"
An' weesh dat I am dead.
Som' peopla com' an' look, but dey
Jus' smile an' notta care;
So pretta soon dey gon' away
An' leave me seettin' dere.
How long I seet I no can tal;
I pray, I cry, I curse —
I bat you eef I go to hal
I no could feel more worse!
But while I seet ees som'theeng sof'
Dat touch my cheek an' w'en

I tak' my hand for brush eet off
  Eet touch my cheek agen.
I look. Ees justa leetla cur
  Dat wag hees yellow tail!
An' blood ees on hees yellow fur,
  An' dere ees old teen pail
Tied on bayhind. Poor leetla pup!
  But steell he leeck my hand,
As eef he say to me: "Cheer up!
  I gona be your frand."
I hug heem up! I am ashame'
  For let heem see dat he
Ees justa dog, but alla same
  Ees better man dan me.

So! dees ees Carlo, Meester Man;
  I introduce to you,
Da true, da kinda 'Merican;
  Da first I evva knew!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

I AM so glad as I can be;
I seeng, I dance, Signor!
Ah! sooch a lucky man like me
You nevva see bayfore!
Eet ees so like w'en sky ees gray,
Den — queeck! — da sun bust through
An' drivin' all da cloud away —
I tal eet all to you.
My wife an' me we no can gat
To mak' our minds da same,
W'en leetla boy ees com', for w'at
We gona call hees name.
My Rosa, dat's my wife, she say
She gotta besta right
For call da keed her owna way,
An' so, my frand, we fight.
She say she want her fadder's name,
"Giovanni," but, you see,
I want "Giacobbe" jus' da same,

Wheech ees da name for me.
Wal, den dees theeng excite us so
An' mak' so bigga fuss,
Ees com' my reecha Uncla Joe
For feexin' theengs for us.
But w'en we find how hard eet seem
For feex, he tal us: "Wal,
I theenk ees best you calla heem
'Giuseppe' for mysal'!"
Dees mak' da case so bothersom',
My brain ees eena whirl;
I almost weesh w'en keed ees com'
He gona be a girl.
Eh? No, he was no borna w'en
We fighta deesa way,
No baby eesa leevin' den,
But see! ees com' to-day
Not only wan of heem, but three!
Eh? "Treeplets?" Yes, Signor.
Ah! soocha lucky man like me
You nevva see bayfore!

THE LABORER AND HIS HIRE

HALLO! Signor, I ain't see you
For manny, manny day.
I wondra moocha w'at you do
All time you was away,
All deesa seexa mont' or more
Dat you are gon' from home.
I s'pose you went out Wes', Signor —
Eh? No? You was een Rome?
An' Pareess, too? Wal, wal, my frand,
W'at joy you musta feel
To see all dose so granda land
Where you have been. But steell
You musta worka longa while
For save da mon' to go.
Eh? Deal een stocks ees mak' your pile?
Escuse! I deed not know.
I weesh dat dere was soocha treep
For Dagoman like me;
Ees manny now dat taka sheep

For home een Eetaly —
Eh? w'at ees dat? You say dees men
Are mean as dirt een street
For com' an' maka mon' an' den
To run back home weeth eet?
I am su'prise weeth you, Signor,
For hear you talk like dees.
Da mon' we gat by workin' for
We do weeth as we pleass.
You say dey leave no theeng bayhind
For deesa mon' dey mak';
Escuse, Signor, but you weell find
Dey pay for all dey tak'.
Dey pay for eet weeth harda toil,
Weeth gooda road an' street,
Weeth crops dat spreenga from da soil
An' geeve you food for eat,
Weeth wheat dat mak' your bread so good,
Weeth grape dat mak' your wines,
An', yes, dey pay eet weeth deir blood
On railroads, een da mines!
W'at deed you geeve for w'at you mak'
Een deesa stocka deal?

Not wan good theeng for all you tak',
  Not wan, Signor! But steell
You say dees men no gotta right
  To do da theeng dey do.

Escusa me for gat excite'.
  I would shak' hands weeth you.
Ees Creesmas'-time, so let us be
  Good 'Mericana men.
Shak' hands! Eet ees a joy to me
  For see you home agen.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES

I GOTTA love for Angela,
I love Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
So w'at I gona do?

Oh, Angela ees pretta girl,
She gotta hair so black, so curl,
An' teeth so white as anytheeng.
An' oh, she gotta voice to seeng,
Dat mak' your hearta feel eet must
Jomp up an' dance or eet weell bust.
An' alla time she seeng, her eyes
Dey smila like Italia's skies,
An' makin' flirtin' looks at you —
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

Carlotta ees no gotta song,
But she ees twice so big an' strong
As Angela, an' she no look
So beautiful — but she can cook.

You oughta see her carry wood!
I tal you w'at, eet do you good.
W'en she ees be som'body's wife
She worka hard, you bat my life!
She nevva gattin' tired, too —
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

Oh, my! I weesh dat Angela
  Was strong for carry wood,
Or else Carlotta gotta song
  An' looka pretta good.
I gotta love for Angela,
  I love Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
  So w'at I gona do?

THE APRIL WIND

EH? W'at? You theenk I looka change'?
Ah! so I am, an' eet ees strange.
My frand, you evva hear me growl
For dat da Northa weend ees howl
An' sweep Broadway weeth snow?
Ah! no. Baycause I am so tough
An' hard, dough weenter storms was rough,
Dey no could mak' me colda 'nough,
How mooch dey steeng an' blow.

Yet here am I, dat was so strong
For laugh at weends all weenter long,
Now lika babe, too soft an' weak
To fight wan leetla weend dat sneak
Aroun' dees place to-day.
No 'Mericana weend ees blow
Like dees bayfore. Eet com' an' go
An' catch at me an' teass me so
Eet steal my heart away.

Eet sneaka from dat leetla street —
Ha! dat's eet now! You feelin' eet?
Tak' off your hat an' lat eet play
All through your hair — so! deesa way —
  Ah! now ees gon'! Dat's all.
Eh? W'at? "Jus' breeza from da sea?"
Ah! no, ees more dan dat to me;
Eet eesa voice from Eetaly
  Dat call, an' call, an' call!

THREE TO ONE

SIGNOR, remember yestaday,
How mad I am baycause you say
Dat nearly all Eetalian
Ees good-for-nothing, lazy man?
Ah! lees'en, pleass, an' you weell be
Ashame' for w'at you say to me.
W'en I have tal you w'at I see.
Eef you no theenk I speaka true
I got som' weetness here for you;
Here ees not only wan but three:
Antonio,
Gregorio
An' me.

I speak for all an' tal of eet;
To-day ees com' een deesa street
Beeg stronga man for deeg da tranch.
You theenk ees mebbe Dootch or Franch,
Dees granda, bigga, stronga man?
Ah! no, eet ees Eetalian!

He no can speaka 'Merican,
But, oh! da way he drive da peeck
An' sweeng da spade, so strong, so queeck,
Ees mak' us proud as we can be —
Antonio,
Gregorio
An' me.

You theenk ees lazy man dat weell
So work, from earla morn' onteell
Da stars ees shina from da sky,
He pile seex hondra spadeful high
Bayside da tranch w'en he ees through —
Eh? how I know dat dees ees true?
Ha! now is where I catcha you!
All day, right here een deesa street,
We seet an' watch heem doin' eet!
Wan weetness? No! here eesa three:
Antonio,
Gregorio
An' me.

THE ITALIAN MOON

YOUR "honey-moon"? W'at ees eet?
Eh?
Eet ees da "moon of love" you say?
Wal, mebbe so, Signor, but oh,
You don'ta know, you don'ta know!
You could not know onteell you see
Da moon dat shine een Eetaly.
Here eesa moon, but eet ees cold;
Eetalian moon ees ball of gold!
So warm, so sof', you wondra why
Eet steeck together een da sky;
You theenk eet gona malt an' run
Like lumpa butter een da sun.
So, too, eets — w'at you call? — eets "beam"
Dat streama down on you, dey seem
So theeck, so reecha, lika cream.
An' you can feel dem on your tongue
W'en you are seeng your lova song,
An' warm an' sweet you feel dem slide
Right down your throat, onteell eenside

Your heart dey rest, an' eet ees hold
No longer blood, but justa gold!
You cannot know of love onteell
Sooch moonlight een your heart you feel.
W'at for you smile? Eet eesa true!
For so, w'en I am young like you,
Wan night weeth Rosa by da shore
Of Napoli I felt, Signor.
You say dees moon dat shine to-night
Ees gooda 'nough for you? All right.
I s'pose dat you are love your wife,
But oh, Signor, you bat my life,
You eat her up eef you could be
Where shines da moon een Eetaly.

HIS INTERESTED FRIEND

ESCUSE me dat I don'ta mak'
You walcom' here, Signor.
You see, I 'fraid for mak' meestak';
I gotta stung bayfore.
Ees notta many 'Merican —
Oh, vera, vera few —
Dat com' to dees peanutta-stan'
An' say "Hallo!" like you.
You speak so fine, you know so mooch,
Ees hard for me to see
W'at for you want be frand weeth sooch
A dumba man like me.
Las' week grand man like you ees com'
An' maka frandly so.
I am so proud — but oh, so dumb —
I tal heem all I know.
He ees so eenterest een me
An' speak so kind, so sweet,
I am so proud as I can be
An' brag a leetla beet.

I tal how mooch I mak' a day
An' w'at I savin', too,
An' weeth my bigga mout' I say
More theengs dan w'at ees true.
Now, who you s'pose ees dees unknown,
Good, kinda frand to me?
Ees presidant for bank dat own
All deesa property!
To-day dees kinda man he sent
To me hees agent man,
To say I gotta pay more rent
For dees peanutta-stan'.

Baycause I mak' so beeg meestak'
An' gotta stung bayfore,
Escuse me eef I don'ta mak'
Mooch talk weeth you, Signor.

PADRE DOMINEEC

PADRE Domineec McCann
He ees great beeg Irish man.
He ees growla w'en he speak.
Like he gona go for you
Jus' for busta you in two.
My! he talk so rough, so queeck,
You weell weesha you could be
Som'where elsa w'en you see
Padre Domineec.

Padre Domineec McCann
Stop at dees peanutta-stan'
W'en my leetla boy ees seeck;
Talk so rough he mak' me cry,
Say ees besta boy should die
So he go to Heaven queeck!
He ees speak so cold to me
Nevva more I wanta see
Padre Domineec.

Den gran' doctor com'. Ees queer!
W'en I ask who sand heem here,
He jus' smile an' weell no speak
Only justa for to say:
"You no gotta cent to pay,
I gon' feex dees boy dat's seeck."

* * * * * * *

O beeg-hearta man, an' true!
I am gattin' on to you,
Padre Domineec!

EEN NAPOLI

HERE een Noo Yorka, where am I
Seence I am landa las' July,
All gray an' ogly ees da sky,
An' cold as eet can be.
But steell so long I maka mon',
So long ees worka to be done,
I can forgat how shines da sun
Een Napoli.

But oh, w'en pass da boy dat sal
Da violets, an' I can smal
How sweet dey are, I no can tal
How seeck my heart ees be.
I no can work, how mooch I try,
But only seet an' wondra why
I could not justa leeve an' die
Een Napoli.

GIUSEPPE TO HIS DOG

HI! Carlo, jompa down from dere,
You lazy dog! Com', see,
Dees jontleman would have dat chair
For seet an' talk weeth me.
Eh? w'at! you gona growl an' bite?
Aha! I show you den —
Don't go, Signor. Wal, alla right;
I hope you com' agen.

* * * * * * *

Ha! Carlo, w'at you theenka dat?
You drive da man away,
You lazy, ogly lumpa fat,
You good-for-nothing! Eh?
Seence time w'en I was kind to you
An' peeck you from da street
Ees not wan leetla theeng you do
For earn da food you eat.
Eef you would even chase da rat
You might be worth to keep,
But, no, you are so dumb, so fat,

You jus' can eat an' sleep.
How dare you do sooch ogly treeck
An' growla so like dat?
Jus' wait onteell I gat my steeck —
Now, see w'at you weell gat!
Eh? Don'ta roll your eyes at me;
Keep steell your taila, too,
No leeck my handa! Don't you see
Dat I am cross weeth you?
Ha! Stop! You theenk dees mak' me feel
You love me like you should?
Not mootch! Jus' keep dat taila steell
An' I weell beat you good.
You theenk baycause I gat so few
Da frands dat lova me,
I am afraid for whippin' you?
Jus' close your eyes an' see!
Aha! so now you run away.
O! wal, dees steeck weell keep;
I gona beat you good som' day —
Som' day w'en you are 'sleep.

THE HARBINGER

"EES com' da spreeng!" da peopla say,
"An' weenter-time ees gon' away."
I hope ees true, baycause, you know,
I am so seeck weeth ice an' snow;
I am so seeck eenside my soul
For gotta buy so moocha coal,
An' overcoat, an' warma clo'es,
An' hankacheef for blow my nose.

"Ees com' da spreeng!" da peopla say,
An' so I am com' out to-day
For justa see eef eet ees true,
An' play da musica for you.
Da weend ees colda 'nough for mak'
Me wanta stop an' gona back,
But som'theeng w'eesper een my ear:
"Ees com' da spreeng! Da spreeng ees here!"

"Ees com' da spreeng!" da peopla say
Dat passa by an' hear me play
"Lucia" on my street-pian'.
"O! see da Dago music-man!"
Dey say: "dat's mean da weenter's past
An' spreeng ees gattin' here at last."
I nevva hear sooch funny theeng;
Dey taka me for sign of spreeng!

AN AFTER-DINNER THOUGHT

OH! my, Signor, how seeck I feel
From som'theeng I have ate;
I had wan oyster een my meal
Dat wassa catch' too late!
Oh! my, dat soocha leetla theeng
Could mak' so bigga change!
Dees morna I could dance an' seeng,
But now I feel so strange,
I no can 'tand to beezaness,
But seeta theenkin' here;
An' w'at I theenk you nevva guess —
Eet ees so vera queer.
I theenk upon dat greata man
Dat ees da first to com'
For findin' deesa granda lan' —
Creestoforo Colomb'.
Ees Dagoman like me, you know —
Eh? Yes, but wait, Signor;
I tal you som'theeng, mebbe so,

You nevva hear bayfore.
I theenk upon Colombo w'en
He beg hees Queen dat she
Would justa geeve heem sheeps an' men
For help heem cross da sea;
But could no gat da theengs he need,
How mooch he coax an' beg,
Onteell she see da theeng he deed
Weeth justa leetla egg.
Aha! my frand, so you have read
An' know da story, too?
He stan' dat egg upon eets head,
Like no wan else could do!
An' so da Queen she clap her han's
An' tal Colombo den:
"Now you can go for find dose lan's;
I geeve you sheeps an' men."
You know w'at happen after dat,
Ees notheeng more to say;
But here ees queera thought I gat
Eenside my head to-day!
Su'pose — I ask you now — su'pose
Dat egg he bust was bad!

You theenk da Queen would hold her nose
An' smila just as glad?
You theenk she gona tal Colomb'
She geeve heem sheeps an' sooch
An' evratheeng he need to com'?
You bat my life, not mooch!
I tal you eef dat egg was bad
As deesa taste I gat,
Colombo, mebbe, woulda had
Sooch troubla after dat
Dees lan' where now we are so glad
Would no be founda yat!

YEARNING

I EEN love weeth Mag McCue.
Ah! so sweeta 'Merican!
Evra day I see her, too,
Pass by dees peanutta-stan'.
Once ees tal me smarta man:
"Eef a girl ees smile at you,
Wavin' deesa way her han',
Dat'sa mean she love you true."

Oh, my leetla lady dear,
Lasta time you passa here
An' you smile upon me so,
Eet ees mak' me feel so queer.
Why ees dat, I lika know?

I een love weeth Mag McCue.
Ah! so sweeta 'Merican!
I could know w'at I would do
Eef she was Eetalian.
But ees hard to ondrastan'

Eef she really love me true
W'en she smile an' wave her han'
Lika lasta night she do.

Oh, my leetla lady dear,
Nexta time you passa here
Would you mak' me glad an' proud?
Don'ta wave your han' so queer,
Pleassa, don'ta smile so loud.

GIAC FINELLI

W'EN Giac Finelli maka joke
I laugha teell my sides ees broke.
I weesh som'time dat you could be
Jus' near enough to heem to see —
You don'ta gotta be so near
For dat you musta seet an' hear —
Eet ees not dat you gotta pay
Mooch notice to da words he say,
Baycause een sooch artista way
He tweest hees face an' move da han'
All theengs ees plain to ondrastan',
He ees so smarta Dagoman.
Oh! my, your sides dey would be broke
W'en Giac Finelli maka joke.

Two men dat play at cards wan night
Ees got so mad an' so excite'
Dey pull their knives an' gona fight.
Up jompa Giac Finelli den
An' eemitate dose fightin' men.

He growl an' stampa 'roun' da place
An' mak' sooch tweestin' of da face,
Now justa lika deesa man
An' now so like da othra wan,
He mak' dem look sooch foolish sight
Dey laugh an' jus' forgat to fight.
Oh! my, eef dat time you could be
Jus' near enough to heem to see,
You laugha teell your sides ees broke
W'en Giac Finelli maka joke.

FROM A CAR WINDOW

AH! yes, I been away to-day;
You no could guess how far away.
I s'pose you laugh eef I should say
How mooch delight I had for be
Wan leetla while een Eetaly —
Ah! yes, I see you laugh at me.
W'at use for tal you more, my frand?
You justa no could ondrastand.

No, w'at'sa use, my frand? Eh? Wal,
Eet ees not mooch dat I can tal.
I go to-day for ride een train,
An' now here am I back again!
Eh? How I gat to Eetaly?
Eef you had been een train weeth me
Here eesa theeng dat you would see,
Eef queeck an' sharpa weeth your eye
You catch eet while da train go by:

A whita house, a beet of land

Where piles of ripa corn ees stand,
An' een baytween weeth leaves so green
Ees shine da softa golda skeen
Of — how-you-call? — da "pumpakeen."
Here on wan side by fence where twine
Da purpla grape so fat weeth wine,
Ees stan' da man dat keep da place,
You see how brown hees han's an' face,
How brown weeth sun da hat he wear
On top hees curla blacka hair,
How brown weeth dusta from da eart'
Hees blacka pants, hees pinka shirt?
An' dat mus' be hees wife dat stoop
For feeda cheeckens eena coop.
You evva see more brighta red
Dan hankacheef dat's on her head?
Oh, look da sky! I ask you, too,
You evva see so granda blue?
You evva see sooch sun dat roll
So like shiny brassa bowl
Een bottom side of sky an' speell
Eets gold eensides against da heell?
Look! here ees com' along da road

Som' boys an' girls weeth wagonload
Dat dey have gathra from de fiel'.
Oh, happy, happy girls an' boys!
Eef train no mak' so moocha noise
You woulda hear da sweeta song
Dey singin' while dey marcha 'long.

* * * * * *

But even so, w'en all so dear
You can no longer see an' hear,
W'en queeck ees pass da flyin' train
An' all ees 'Merican again,
You steell can feel da song dey seeng,
So lika leetla leevin' theeng,
Dat move around eenside your breast
An' justa weell no lat you rest —

Eh? W'at ees dat? You don'ta see
How I have been een Eetaly?
Ah! wal, deed I no say, my frand,
You justa no could ondrastand?

DA LEETLA BOY

DA spreeng ees com'; but oh, da joy
Eet ees too late!
He was so cold, my leetla boy,
He no could wait.

I no can count how manny week,
How manny day, dat he ees seeck;
How manny night I seet an' hold
Da leetla hand dat was so cold.
He was so patience, oh, so sweet!
Eet hurts my throat for theenk of eet;
An' all he evra ask ees w'en
Ees gona com' da spreeng agen.
Wan day, wan brighta sunny day,
He see, across da alleyway,
Da leetla girl dat's livin' dere
Ees raise her window for da air,
An' put outside a leetla pot
Of — w'at-you-call? — forgat-me-not.
So smalla flower, so leetla theeng!

But steell eet mak' hees hearta seeng:
"Oh, now, at las', ees com' da spreeng!
Da leetla plant ees glad for know
Da sun ees com' for mak' eet grow.
So, too, I am grow warm and strong."
So lika dat he seeng hees song.
But, ah! da night com' down an' den
Da weenter ees sneak back agen,
An' een da alley all da night
Ees fall da snow, so cold, so white,
An' cover up da leetla pot
Of — w'at-you-call? — forgat-me-not.
All night da leetla hand I hold
Ees grow so cold, so cold, so cold!

Da spreeng ees com'; but oh, da joy
Eet ees too late!
He was so cold, my leetla boy,
He no could wait.

HIBERNICÈ

THE MELTIN' O' THE SNOW

"'TIS cold th'-day," said John McCann,
Upon the road to Mass.
The sorra word said Mary Ann,
But stopped to let him pass;
Fur, shure, he was the bold young man
An' she the modest lass.

'Twas not himself that would be balked
So aisily, an' so
He timed his steps wid hers an' walked
Beside her, through the snow.
But, oh, she passed upon her way,
So modest an' so prim,
'Twas little he could think to say,
An' less she said to him.
But this he said when they were nigh
The little chapel door:
"A colder land, a colder sky,
I have not seen before,

Than this, for all its store of gold,
For all it is so grand.
I never knew the feel o' cold
At home, in Ireland;
But here, in these forsaken parts,
The snows, the bitter storm,
Creep even into Irish hearts
That should be kind and warm.
Oh, kind the maidens, Mary Ann,
Who tread the Irish grass,
This blessid day!" said John McCann,
Upon the road to Mass.

Small heed is where the heart is not,
An' so, 'tis safe to say,
'Twas little that the pastor got
From Mary Ann that day;
No ears had she fur anny word
But jisht that bold young man's.
An', faix, the only thing she heard
Was when he read the banns
For two true hearts that soon would be
In happy wedlock one.

Then out she passed an' home went she
Beneath the winter sun,
An' knew before she turned her head
Who was it walked beside.
"Ye heard the banns? Ah! well," he said,
"There's one has found a bride,
Thank God! one Irish heart is sweet,
Though all the one I know
That makes my own lone heart to beat
Is cold an' hard as snow."
"But now 'tis softer, John McCann" —
Ochone! the modest lass! —
"The snow, I mean," blushed Mary Ann,
Upon the road from Mass.

Oh, bells were on the breeze that ran
Along the buddin' grass,
An' Spring, on tip-toe, waved her han'
Th'-day to see them pass,
When John an' Mary Ann McCann
Came down the road from Mass.

THE IRISH NATIONAL BIRD

GOOD luck to the Eagle, America's bird,
That stands for the land o' the free!
Faix, I'm not the wan to be sayin' a word
That'd ruffle its feathers. Not me!
I'm proud o' the bird as I'm proud o' the land,
An' glad to be under its wing,
But there is another bird aiqually grand
Whose praises I'm wishful to sing.
Now let ye not pucker yer face wid a smile,
'Tis soberest truth that we've got
A national bird in the Emerald Isle
That's aisily king o' the lot!

Aye! "national bird." He is certainly that.
Though others may claim him at times,
He's busiest most wid the fortunes of Pat
At home, an' in far-away climes.

An', faix, 'tis the Irish that love him the best
An' welcome his favors the most;
The man's not true Irish that has him for guest
Widout feelin' proud to be host.
He seeks out the Irish regardless of place —
At home or abroad in New York —
So here's to the National Bird of the Race!
Here's "hip, hip, hurrah!" for the stork!

THE IRISH BIRD-CHARMER

WID more or less o' tuneful grace,
As fits a Celtic singer,
I've praised the "great bird of our race,"
The stork, the blessin'-bringer.
When first to my poor roof he came,
How sweetly he was sung to!
I called him every dacint name
That I could lay my tongue to.
But glory be! that praise from me
So pleased the simple crayture
His visits here have come to be
A sort o' second nature.
I'm glad to see him now an' then,
But, glory be to Heaven!
If here he isn't back again,
An' this is number seven!

Och! though this gift o' song may be
In manny ways a blessin',
It brings some popularity

That gets to be disthressin'.
Now, mind, I love this Irish bird —
We couldn't live widout him —
An', shure, I'll not take back a word
I ever said about him,
But now when all these mouths to feed
Ate up our little savin's,
The birds whose visits most we need
Are ould Elijah's ravens.
Begor'! if *they* were 'round these days
An' I could make them hear me,
I'd sing them such a song o' praise
'Twould keep them always near me.

CORDAYLIA O' THE ALLEY

AT the corner o' the alley
Sits Cordaylia McNally,
At the corner o' the alley where the people
come an' go,
In a penitent procession,
Passin' to an' from confession
In the ould Church of St. Joseph that was
builded long ago.
Oh, 'tis well she knows there's many
Has the charitable penny
More convaynient to their fingers then than
any other day,
An' her tongue it is so sooth'rin'
An' so mastherful deludth'rin'
There are mortial few whatever she'll be
lettin' get away.

For, oh, the Irish eyes of her
They twinkle at ye so,
Ye hate to think the sighs of her

Are part o' the disguise of her,
So, faix, she has yer penny gathered in
before ye know.

There's small use in walkin' fasther
In the hope o' sneakin' past her,
Shure, she'll let ye go, unnoticed, wid yer
little load o' sin.
But, O! man, she has ye spotted,
An' yer penny good as potted,
Fur she knows that ye'll be softer comin'
out than goin' in!
Fur there's nothin' but good nature
In the m'anest Irish crayture
Whin he feels the soul inside o' him is
cleansed of iv'ry blot.
Should Cordaylia then address ye
Wid her sootherin' "God bless ye!"
'Tis not you will dare to judge if she's de-
servin' it or not.

For, oh, the Irish eyes of her
They twinkle at ye so,

Ye hate to think the sighs of her
Are part o' the disguise of her,
So, faix, she has yer penny gathered in
before ye know.

HEARTLESS SHEILA SHEA

SHURE, the parish is so quiet,
Sheila Shea,
All the folks are saddened by it
In a way,
An' the whole o' thim are waitin'
Fur the joy o' celebratin'
Somethin' lively; like a weddin', let us say.
Shure, ye know it is the duty
Of a girl that's blessed wid beauty
To be careful not to let it waste away.

D'ye hear me, Sheila Shea?
Shure, how can ye be so gay,
Wid such quiet all about ye, that ye sing
the livelong day?

Has no sense o' sorrow found ye,
Sheila Shea?
Faix, the world revolves around ye,
An' it's gray.

Still, the spell will soon be broken,
Fur, although ye have not spoken
Sorra word o' what I've begged of ye to say,
If ye will not grace a weddin',
'Tis mesel' will soon be dead, an'
There's some comfort in a funeral, anny-way.

D'ye hear me, Sheila Shea?
Shure, how can ye be so gay,
Wid my breakin' heart so near ye that ye sing the livelong day?

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

AH! the May was grand this mornin'!
Shure, how could I feel forlorn in
Such a land, when tree and flower tossed
their kisses to the breeze?
Could an Irish heart be quiet
While the Spring was runnin' riot,
An' the birds of free America were singin'
in the trees?
In the songs that they were singin'
No familiar note was ringin',
But I strove to imitate them an' I whistled
like a lad.
Oh, my heart was warm to love them
For the very newness of them —
For the ould songs that they helped me to
forget — an' I was glad.

So I mocked the feathered choir
To my hungry heart's desire,

An' I gloried in the comradeship that made
their joy my own,
Till a new note sounded, stillin'
All the rest. A thrush was trillin'!
Ah! the thrush I left behind me in the fields
about Athlone!
Where, upon the whitethorn swayin',
He was minstrel of the Mayin',
In my days of love an' laughter that the
years have laid at rest;
Here again his notes were ringin'!
But I'd lost the heart for singin' —
Ah! the song I could not answer was the
one I knew the best.

THE OULD APPLE WOMAN

WID her basket of apples comes Nora McHugh,
Wid her candies an' cakes an' wan thing an' another,
But the best thing she brings to commind her to you
Is the smile in her eyes that no throuble can smother.
An' the wit that's at home in the tip of her tongue
Has a freshness unknown to her candy and cake;
Though her wares had been stale since ould Nora was young,
There is little complaint you'd be carin' to make.
Well I mind, on a day, I complained of a worm
That I found in an apple, near bitten in two.

"But suppose ye had bit it, an' where'd be the harm?
For, shure, this isn't Friday," said Nora McHugh.

O Nora McHugh, you've the blarneyin' twist in you,
Where is the anger could drame o' resistin' you?
Faix, we'll be sp'ilin' you,
Blind to the guile in you,
While there's a smile in you,
Nora McHugh.

It was Mistress De Vere, that's so proud of her name,
Fell to boastin' wan day of her kin in the peerage —
Though there's some o' thim same, years ago whin they came
To this glorious land, was contint wid the steerage —

An' she bragged of her ancistry, Norman an' Dane,
An' the like furrin ancients that's thought to be swell.
"Now, I hope," said ould Nora, "ye'll not think me vain,
Fur it's little I care fur ancistry mesel';
But wid all o' your pedigree, ma'am, I believe
'Tis mesel' can go back a bit further than you,
Fur in me you perceive a descindant of Eve,
The first apple woman," said Nora McHugh.

O Nora McHugh, sich owdacious frivolity!
How can you dare to be jokin' the quality?
Still, we'll be sp'ilin' you,
Blind to the guile in you,
While there's a smile in you,
Nora McHugh.

THE MOURNER

OUT o' bed of a mornin' was Mary McCroal
Before ever a sunbeam had cut its first caper,
An' had fetched from her door-step her bit of a roll
An' her wee jar o' milk an' her mornin' newspaper.
Then, the while she was wettin' her kittle o' tay,
She'd the paper forninst her ould specks as she read
What she held "the importantest news o' the day" —
An' that same was no more nor the list o' the dead.
She could aisily wait fur the bit an' the sup,
But the hunger fur news she could never control,

Readin' wan colyume down an' the nixt
colyume up,
Till: "Here's wan at St. Ann's," cried
ould Mary McCroal,
"May the Lord rest his soul!"

She'd make way wid her tay in two minyutes
or less,
An' she'd ready the table an' lay the cloth
on it,
An' she'd deck hersel' out in her dacint
black dress
An' her cashymere shawl an' her ould
velvet bonnet.
Then 'twas off at a trot to the Church o'
St. Ann —
To be there when the corpse an' the
mourners came in.
Shure, what odds if she never had heard
o' the man,
Nor had knowledge at all of a wan of his kin?
Faix, 'twas little, indeed, that the corpse
needed care,

An' no bar to his soul on the way to its goal,
If no wan o' the mourners there bowin' in prayer
Prayed as strong or as long as ould Mary McCroal:
"May the Lord rest his soul!"

Ye might canvass the parish; not wan on the list —
Not a wan — but would tell ye he couldn't remember
Anny funeral Mass that she ever had missed,
Under roses o' June or in snows o' December;
An' there's some that'd smile, recollectin' the sight
Of a red flannel petticoat, aye! an' a show
Of a dacint clane stockin', ould-fashioned an' white,
Whiskin' over the graves in the dust or the snow.
There was some might have said, wid a shake o' the head,

She was jisht an ould crow. But ye'd
find, on the whole,
Not a wan o' thim all, when they buried
their dead,
But was glad o' the prayers of ould Mary
McCroal.
May the Lord rest her soul!

Aye! "the Lord rest *her* soul." Ah! the
church was so bare
When she lay there th'-day, fur the
mourners were few.
But, shure, why should she care that the
only wans there
Were the sexton, the priest, an' ould woman
or two?
An' what odds if the prayers at her passin'
were brief
As the ride to the grave, when those prayers
had been said?
An' what need was there here fur the trap-
pin's o' grief?
Fur, shure, death was a joy to this friend
o' the dead.

Ah! 'tis well to believe that the prayers that she prayed
Fur the many before her who shared of her dole,
They have gathered together an' woven an' made
As a ladder o' light fur ould Mary McCroal.
May the Lord rest her soul!

OULD PHELIM McKEONE

WAS there iver a man,
Since creation began,
Wid such lack of a dacint respect for his own,
So conthrary of mind,
Wid a tongue so unkind,
As the plague of our parish, ould Phelim McKeone?

We'd a meetin' last night fur "Home Rule an' the Right,"
To discuss ways an' means an' to hit on a plan
That'd make fur success in the glorious fight,
An' to name fur our leader the logical man.
Now, of course we were blessed wid the gift o' the gab,
An' we gave our opinions fur this an' fur that.

There was orators there like O'Kane an' McNab,
Who were willin' to fight at the drop o' the hat,
An' so fixed in their notions that nayther would give,
Fur they'd have no opinion was right but their own.
Whin "Hurrah fur the British, an' long may they live!"
At the top of his voice yelled ould Phelim McKeone.

"Aye! an' long may they live," yelled ould Phelim McKeone,
"Fur if British heads failed ye whin lookin' fur fight,
Ye'd have nothin to do but be whackin' yer own.
An' whoever ye choose fur yer leader th'-night,
Shure, he has me condolince on winnin' the place,

Fur there's little o' joy or o' p'ace that
he'll know,
Wid the jealous designs o' the rest o' the
race,
Who the minute he's up will be pullin'
him low.
Aye! 'tis jealousy's streak in the red o' yer
blood
That has checked us an' kept us from
knowin' the joy
An' the blessin' of Ireland free, as we should.
Oh! I've waited these seventy year, man
an' boy,
But I've waited in vain, to be greetin' the day
Whin the land that I love should come
into its own.
So 'Hurrah fur the British that scorn ye!'
I say,
An' I bid ye good night!" cried ould Phe-
lim McKeone.

Was there iver a man,
Since creation began,

Wid such lack of a dacint respect for his own,
So conthrary of mind,
Wid a tongue so unkind,
As the plague of our parish, ould Phelim McKeone?

THE IRISH BACHELOR

HERE fur yer pity or scorn, I'm presintin' ye
Jerry McGlone.
Trustin' the life of him will be previntin' ye
Marrin' yer own.
Think of a face wid a permanint fixture of
Looks that are always suggistin' a mixture of
Limmons an' vinegar. There! ye've a picture of
Jerry McGlone.

Faix, there is nothin' but sourest gloom in this
Jerry McGlone.
Chris'mas joy, anny joy, niver finds room in this
Crayture of stone.
Cynical gloom is the boast an' the pride of him,
An' if a laugh iver did pierce the hide of him,
Faix, I believe 'twould immajiate, inside of him,
Change to a groan.

Whisht! now, an' listen. I'll tell ye the throuble wid
Jerry McGlone.
He preferred single life rather than double wid
Molly Malone.
Think of it! Think of an Irishman tarryin'
While there's a purty girl wishful fur marryin'!
Arrah! no wonder the divils are harryin'
Jerry McGlone.

Ah! but there's few o' the race but would scorn to be
Jerry McGlone.
Shure, we all know that a Celt is not born to be
Livin' alone.
Oh, but we're grateful (I spake for the laity)
Grateful fur women the bountiful Deity
Dowers wid beauty an' virtue an' gaiety,
All for our own!

A SONG OF RICHES

I'VE a dollar in me pocket
An' wid wealth o' health I'm blest,
An' me pixture's in a locket
On a pretty colleen's breast.
An' I'll be as rich th'-morrow,
If the Lord continues kind,
So there isn't room for sorrow
In a corner of me mind.
What the future may be bearin'
I have little care to know,
Shure, we'll none of us be carin'
In a thousand years or so.

Ye have spoke the word that's bound ye,
Kate machree, to be me wife;
Here's two arms to put around ye
An' to work for ye for life,
An' to make a home that's pleasant,
Ay, an' fit to have ye in.
Faix, there's no time like the present,

Katie darlin' to begin.
Then, through fair an' stormy weather,
If we're dacint here below,
Shure, we still may be together
In a thousand years or so.

THE HOMING GIRL

'TWAS the gran' time the girls had at
Katie Breen's th'-day
To sind off wid God-speed her cousin,
Mary Carr,
Fur 'tis Mary is the wise girl that laid away
her pay,
An' now she's fur the ould home away in
Castlebar.
'Twas Kate Breen, the good soul, that got
the party up
An' passed 'round the kind word for iv'ry
wan to come,
Fur th' ould fr'inds to drop in an' have the
bit an' sup,
An' cheer the heart o' Mary Carr before
she started home.
'Twas mesel' came whin Mary came this
manny year ago,
So gladly an' proudly I wint th'-day to
call,

An' I walked in me fine clo'es wid Patrick Kane, me beau;
But now I am the sorry girl I iver wint at all.

Shure, Mary Carr's the plain thing, an' timid as a mouse —
'Tis small wonder no man had iver liked her style —
But the sorra wan of all thim that gathered in the house
Had the half o' the happiness that twinkled in her smile,
Whin she spoke o' the ould joys she'd dreamed so much about —
The green grass, the glad birds, the blessid Irish sky.
Thin wan girl, a young girl that hadn't long bin out,
She flung up her two han's an' oh, but she did cry.
The girls looked at Mary Carr an' all their eyes were dim,

An' I looked at Patrick Kane a-standin'
be the wall,
There was pride, aye! an' comfort in the
thought o' havin' him,
But, oh, I was the sorry girl I'd iver come
at all.

An' walkin' home, the two of us, he axed
me why I cried.
"Shure," sez I, "who wouldn't cry fur
sake o' Mary Carr?"
Oh, it was the black lie, an' shure, I knew
I lied —
Not a wan of all me tears but fell for Castle-
bar!
'Twas Mary Carr that came wid me this
manny year ago,
Now 'tis she that's turnin' back an' bound
fur home alone.
Still, should I be grudgin' her the ould de-
lights she'll know?
Haven't I a newer joy an' sweeter fur me
own?

Oh, Patrick Kane's the good man an' fond
as wan could be;
An' shure I was the proud girl that walked
wid him to call
On Mary Carr that's not the half as fortunit
as me —
But, oh, I am the sorry girl I iver wint at
all.

NEWS O' THE WORLD

IS it news o' the world that ye're afther?
I'm sorry to say
There is little o' joy or o' laughther
That's in it th'-day.
Shure, there's nothin' but promise o' fightin'
An' throuble ahead.
Not a glimmer o' peace shone to brighten
The gloom that I read
In the clouds that were rumblin' an' rollin'
Out yonder th'-day,
Where Cornaylius Gavin wint strollin'
Wid Kitty McCrea.

* * * * * * *

Is it news o' the world ye are wishin'?
'Tis lucky ye came.
Fur 'tis I'm in the pleasant position
To furnish that same.
Oh, the joy an' the peace that's adornin'
This counthry is grand!
Take this comfortin' message this mornin':

All's well in the land!
'Tis the news that I heard in the gloamin',
At close o' th'-day,
Jisht a whishper that came to me, roamin'
Wid Kitty McCrea.

THE SON OF HIS FATHER

OH! my, oh! my, the years go by
Like sheep the dogs are harryin';
But late I had a lispin' lad,
An' now he talks o' marryin'!
Lord bless me! but he has the strut
Of one that's grand an' knows it;
No lass so prim that looks at him
But likes his cut an' shows it.
An', faix, 'twould do your heart good, too,
To hear him at the blarney;
There's scarce a lass that sees him pass
But wears a smile for Barney —
Our Barney —
A wishful smile for Barney.

Tho' Cupid lays cute snares these days
When Barney goes philanderin',
An' all his traps hold geese, perhaps,
None takes this bold young gander in.
Ah! none as yet, but there's a net

That will, one day or other,
An' her I'd name to bait the same
Is one like me, his mother.
Aye! sure as fate, he'll take for mate
Sweet, roguish Nora Kearney,
Who meets his wiles with scornful smiles,
As once I did with Barney —
My Barney,
The father of "our" Barney.

THE PEACEABLE RACE

"WHO says that the Irish are fighters be birth?"
Says little Dan Crone.
"Faix, there's not a more peaceable race on th' earth,
If ye l'ave 'em alone.

"Tim O'Toole? Well, I grant ye now, there is a lad
That's beset wid the curse o' pugnacity bad,
But he's jisht th' ixception that's provin' the rule;
An' what else could ye ask from a lad like O'Toole?
Shure, he's sich a big mountain o' muscle and bone,
Sizin' up to the heft o' some siventeen stone,
That he fair aggravates iv'ry other bould buck
To be wishful to thump him a little for luck,

An' to prove that there's others as clever as
him.
Now, I ask ye, suppose ye was sturdy as
Tim,
Don't ye think 'twould be right ye should
take a delight
In defindin' yer title an' testin' yer might?"
Says little Dan Crone.

"Is it me? Arrah! now it is jokin' ye are.
But I bid ye be careful an' not go too far.
Shure, it's true I'm no more nor the height
o' yer waist,
But there's manny a bigger has sampled a
taste
O' the knuckles that's bunched in this little
ould fisht.
Where's the dog wouldn't fight whin his tail
gets a twisht?
Do I hunt fur the throuble? Mayhap, now,
it's thrue
Upon certain occasions that's jisht what I
do.

Shure, how else would they know — I'm
that stunted an' small —
I'd the heart of a man in me body at all?"
Says little Dan Crone.

"Well, thin, keep yer opinion. 'Tis little
it's worth,"
Says little Dan Crone.
"Faix, we're jisht the most peaceable race
on the earth,
If ye l'ave us alone."

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

L'AVE the yellow gold to Jews —
Fur it's little that they lose —
L'ave the balance o' world power to the Saxon;
Though they scarce could do it worse,
L'ave them run the universe,
'Tis fur little that they have that we'd be axin'.
Sorra wan of us that cares
Fur their high an' mighty airs,
Or the robes o' r'yal purple an' the linen stiff wid starch,
But there's wan day in the year
When they mustn't interfere —
Shure, the whole world is Irish on the Seventeenth of March!

Oh, it's little that we hold
Of dominion or of gold
In the blessid isle that saw us first a nation,

But we made all lands our own
As we spread from zone to zone;
So, come all o' ye! an' share our jubilation.
Oh, the music in the air!
An' the joy that's ivrywhere —
Shure, the whole blue vault o' heaven is wan grand triumphal arch,
An' the earth below is gay
Wid its tender green th'-day,
Fur the whole world is Irish on the Seventeenth o' March!

MONA MACHREE

MONA Machree, I'm the wanderin' creature now,
Over the sea;
Slave of no lass, but a lover of Nature, now,
Careless an' free.
Nature, the goddess of myriad graces,
Pours for lorn lovers a balm that effaces
Scars from the heart, in these smilin' new places
Far to the eastward an' far to the south of you.
Sweet are the grapes that she gives me to eat,
Red are her pomegranates, luscious an' sweet,
Dreamy the breath of her flowers in the heat —
But, oh, the red mouth of you,
Mona Machree!

Mona Machree, though it's here that the money is,
Rather for me
Dreams an' drowsed rovin's through blooms where the honey is,
Wild as a bee.
She, the new goddess to whom I'm beholden,
Snares me in days that are scented an' golden
E'en as the tresses your temples enfoldin',
Aye, an' the blue, when the sun has forsaken it,
Blossoms with jewels, night-lamps of her throne,
Bright as two passionless eyes I have known.
Ah! it is here that my heart is my own —
But, oh, the dull ache in it,
Mona Machree!

OULD BARNEY TO THE BOY

ARRAH! Barney ma bouchal, 'tis courtin' ye are,
An' you but jisht out o' your dresses!
'Tis the light in your eye, like a new-risen star,
That this news to yer father confesses.
Now ye're off to the town,
For the sun has gone down,
An' the spell o' the gloamin' is o'er ye.
Faith, ye're started like me,
But it's lucky ye'll be
If ye end like yer father before ye.

Oh, the glamour o' night
Breeds a passion too light
For a dacint long life-time's adornin',
But the blessin' that cheers
All the slow-wheelin' years
Is the love that blooms warm in the mornin'.

Arrah! Barney ma bouchal, whin I was a lad
I courted wan lass an' another,
But the sorra bit comfort from anny I had
Till I came on the heart o' your mother.
Oh, her charms they were rare
In the dusk, at the fair,
At the dance, in the house she was born in,
But her soul wasn't found
Till I happened around
Where she sang at her work in the mornin'!

Oh, the glamour o' night
Breeds a passion too light
For a dacint long life-time's adornin',
But the blessin' that cheers
All the slow-wheelin' years
Is the love that blooms warm in the mornin'.

GLIMMERINGS OF PATRIOTISM

OCH! the Fourth o' July!
Shure, I wonder will I
Ever grow to be glad fur it's deafenin' thunder.
Will the cannon by day
An' the rocket by night
Ever whisk me away
On a spree o' delight?
Now, I wonder.

Faix, at prisint 'tis little I mind to be told
Of a fight that is more nor a century old,
An' all thim that was in it long laid in the mold.
"They were heroes," sez you,
An' all that may be true;
But what comfort at all could I find in that boast,
Or in blazin' away at a red-coated ghost

Whin a shot at a live wan would cheer me
the most?
What's a fight past an' gone to a fight yet
to be?
Oh, if anny sich come to this land o' the
free,
Jisht a fight fur the joy of it, count upon
me!
An' how manny good men
In that Glorious Row
Had the thought of this then
That I have of it now?
Faix, I wonder.

An' this lady, Columbia stately an' grand,
Wid the shield at her side an' the sword in
her hand,
Shure, she seems to be queen, if there's wan
in the land.
"She's the Red, White, an' Blue
That we'd die fur," sez you.
Would I fight for her, too? Wid the best
o' good grace,

Wid the blood o' me heart's core, me fancy would trace
Added beauties to those that you see in her face.
Fur she'd have a wee tilt to her nose in the air,
An' a wild Irish rose in the gold of her hair,
An' her eyes would be those of sweet Kitty O'Hare.

Ah! how manny brave men
In that Glorious Row
Fought their fight fur Her then
As I'd fight for Her now?
Faix, I wonder.

A BIT OF A RIDDLE

THRUE fur you, Kitty Kane, as you said but this minute,
Life's a quare kind o' riddle, a plague at the best;
Shure, I know of but wan compinsation that's in it,
Jisht wan thing that's so sweet it makes up fur the rest.
It begins wid a "y" an' it ends wid a "u" —
You may pucker yer brow, that's as much as I'll tell.
An', besides, don't ye see, 'tis but *my* point o' view;
You must work out *your* riddle o' life fur yersel'.

You must look fur your joy in another direction,
An' I beg you to light in yer innocent eyes

Jisht a spark o' sweet pity to aid the inspection,
Since the thing is so small, an' so lowly it lies.
It begins wid an "m" an' it ends wid an "e" —
Oh, it's little it merits your notice, 'tis true.
Still there's good in it, too, though that same may but be
A reflection of all that is sweetest in you.

Och! the bothersome riddle! I wonder now whether
We could make our luck betther if we should combine?
Faix, I think if we'd jisht put our two heads together
We could spell in wan word all your joy, dear, an' mine.
It begins wid a "u" an' it ends wid an "s."
There's the sum o' my joy an' the sum o' your own!

Och! the riddle o' life's so disthressin' to
guess,
Nayther wan of us, dear, could have solved
it alone.

CORNAYLIUS HA-HA-HA-HANNIGAN

'TWAS the godfather stuttered, or may-
hap the priest;
But, be that as it may, it is certain, at
least,
That the wan or the other was surely to
blame
Fur presentin' the lad the quare twisht to
his name.
For there at the christ'nin',
Wid iv'ry wan list'nin',
Now didn't his Riverence, Father O'Flan-
igan,
Wid nervousness stam'rin',
Bechune the child's clam'rin',
Baptize it "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hanni-
igan!"

Wid these words from the priest, shure, the
cute little rogue

Up an' stopped his own mouth wid his
chubby kithogue,
An' the dimples broke out an' proceeded
to chase
All the tears an' the frowns from his inno-
cint face.
For, faix, he was afther
Absorbin' the laughther
Stuck into his name by good Father O'Flan-
igan!
Now that's the thruth in it,
An' so from that minute
Sure, iv'ry wan called the lad "Ha-Ha-Ha-
Hannigan."

Now, the "ha! ha! ha!" stuck to him close
as his name,
For the sorra a tear could be drownin' the
same.
Not a care iver touched him from that bles-
sid day
But his gift o' the laughter would drive it
away.

Wid jokin' an' chaffin'
He niver stopped laughin',
Or if he did stop he immajiate began agin;
An' iv'ry wan hearin'
His laughter so cheerin'
Jisht j'ined in the mirth o' young "Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan."

Shure, the throubles o' life are so palthry an' small
'Tis a pity we let thim disthurb us at all.
There is niver a care but would l'ave us in p'ace
If we'd only stand up an' jisht laugh in its face.
Faix, life were a pleasure
If all had the treasure
Conferred so unthinkin' by Father O'Flanigan;
If all could but borrow
That cure-all for sorrow
Possissed by "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!"

THE PAUPER AT THE GATE

IF Father Mack was not so old
He'd know the thing to do.
He'd never let the parish hold
So impudent a shrew
And bitter-hearted common scold
As Mary Ann McHugh.

She's made the mother heart in me
As heavy as a stone,
This happy day that was to be
The proudest I have known,
Whose sun this mornin' rose and smiled,
His blessin's full to pour
Upon the wedding of my child,
Marie Eléanore.
Oh, never was there bride more glad;
No cloud was in her sky,
And every blessed thing she had
That ever wealth could buy.
You would not find, where'er you'd search,

A fashionabler flock,
Than that assembled in the church
At haff-pawst ten o'clock.
Such elegance and wealth and style!
It swelled my heart with pride,
When my Marie walked down the aisle
A happy, happy bride.
Great crowds was there outside to wait
And watch us passin' through,
But first among them, by the gate,
Stood Mary Ann McHugh;
And clawin' with her skinny hand
The bridal veil, she cried:
"Oh, Mary Ellen, lass, you're grand!
Was ever sweeter bride?
'Tis proud to-day your father'd be,
For, glory be to God!
'Tis scarce a score o' years since he
Was carryin' the hod."

* * * * * *

My day was darkened after that;
I was so mortified,
Behind my carriage door I sat

And cried, and cried, and cried.
And now I've been to see the priest
And, comfortless, come back.
I thought some helpful word, at least,
I'd get from Father Mack;
But he's too old to understand,
And so he merely smiled
And took me gently by the hand
And said to me: "My child,
Our dead are wise, and if they've got
One joy in you or me,
'Tis pride in what we are, not what
We think we'd like to be."

If Father Mack was not so old
He'd know the thing to do.
He'd never let the parish hold
So impudent a shrew
And bitter-hearted common scold
As Mary Ann McHugh.

THE OMADHAUN

THE lads that wastes their days in school,
They nod an' wink an' call me "fool,"
But, och! 'tis little mind I have to scold them.
Wid all their books they've never read
The half of all that's in me head;
They couldn't un'erstan' it if I told them.

Did y' ever catch a leprechawn?
Ye never did! For why? 'Tis gone
Before ye know the crayture's nigh;
For if ye held him wid yer eye
He'd have to take ye to the spot
Where all his gold is in the pot.
But me they never hold in fear —
Small care have fools for gold an' gear —
So when they meet me on me way
They stop to pass the time o' day.
Did y' ever know the funny things

A thrush can tell ye? When he sings
Close both yer ears wid ayther han'
An' then as quick as e'er ye can
L'ave loose, hold tight, l'ave loose, hold tight —
But, och! ye'd never do it right!
Did y' ever know jisht how and when
'Tis aisiest to catch a wren?
"The wren, the wren, the king o' birds,
St. Stephen's Day, caught in the furze!"
Lasht Stephen's Day mayhap ye heard
Who was it snared the nimble bird
Upon the bush that through the town
The lads paraded up and down,
The while they begged from door to door,
The jinglin' coppers by the score.
'Twas me! I snared the wren an' got
No ha'penny of all the lot.
Not wan for me! They were so mean
They spint it all at Kane's shebeen.

Och, l'ave them wink an' call me "fool,"
Them lads that wastes their days in school,

An' oulder wans that spiles their brains wid
drinkin'.
'Tis they're the fools themsel's, no less.
For sorra wan o' them could guess
The knowledgable things I do be thinkin'.

ANGLICÈ

HARK YE! MERRIE GLEE-MEN!

GOOD morrow! Men of gay employ,
May peace attend your way,
And may no note of grief alloy
The merrie measure of your joy
Upon this Christmas Day.

And if, belike ye only think
Of ale and goodly roast,
Then may your songs beget the chink
Of gold to buy the meat and drink
Which ye esteem the most.

But if, beneath the motley coat,
Beat hearts for higher things,
Ah! then ye know how weak the note
He makes within his straining throat
Who feels not what he sings.

And all the glees and merrie trolls
That ye may sing to-day,
Are nothing to the song that rolls,
Unheard by men, from grateful souls
Of simple folk who pray.

This day upon a manger-bed
Was born the Godly Boy,
Whose blood, another day, was shed
That souls that hungered might be fed
To their eternal joy.

So, if your glees small comfort bring,
Your hunger to allay,
Your souls may still be banqueting,
If ye the sweeter song will sing
Of simple folk who pray.

OCTOBER

COME, forsake your city street!
Come to God's own fields and meet
October.
Not the lean, unkempt and brown
Counterfeit that haunts the town,
Pointing, like a thing of gloom,
At dead summer in her tomb;
Reading in each fallen leaf
Nothing but regret and grief.
Come out, where, beneath the blue,
You may frolic with the true
October.

Call his name and mark the sound,
Opulent and full and round:
"October."
Come, and gather from his hand
Lavish largess of the land;
Read in his prophetic eyes,
Clear as skies of paradise,

Not of summer days that died,
But of summer fructified!
Hear, O soul, his message sweet.
Come to God's own fields and meet
October.

THE CASTLE IMPREGNABLE

SO, Wind of the North, you are faring forth
To harry us once again.
We've hearkened before to your call to war
And welcome it now as then;
Such strife is good when the sluggish blood
Creeps slow in the veins of men.
So, wind of the North,
Come forth! Come forth!
And harry us yet again.

Yestereve he came, when the sunset's flame
Had burned to an ashen grey,
And we heard him first like a far, faint burst
Of horns in the woodland way.
But he gathered might as he rode the night;
How bitter his strength, how great,
We knew at last when his full-blown blast
Rang loud at the outer gate,

And each echoing note was a blow that smote
On casement and roof and wall;
And we heard, in the wood where the Titans stood,
The noise of a great oak's fall.
With buffet and blow, and the arrows of snow
That drove in a smothering rack,
He taunted us sore with the challenge of war,
But gaily we flung it back,
As we heaped great logs on the hearthstone dogs,
And over our leagured dome,
In a pennant of smoke from our chimney, broke
The flag of the castle — Home!

So his hordes swarmed forth all night from the north,
Investing us as we lay,
'Till the mystic, white, half-luminous night
Was merged in the whiter day.
It was then we rose in our might to close

At handygripes with the foe.
Oh! the sally out for that fierce glad bout,
Knee-deep in the swirling snow!
Oh, the power to feel in his grapple of steel
Such thrilling and panting bliss
As the maiden knows, who requites with blows
Her lover's audacious kiss.
Oh, we felt no fear that our foeman here
Waged war he could hope to win,
For he wrought in the breast but a keener zest
For all that was housed therein,
For the love of life, for the babes, for wife,
For joys that be, and to come,
For all things there in our staunch, four-square,
Impregnable castle — Home!

Yea! Wind of the North, come forth, come forth,
And harry us yet again.
Such strife is good when the sluggish blood
Creeps slow in the veins of men.

THE POET

THE truest poet is not one
Whose golden fancies fuse and run
To moulded phrases, crusted o'er
With flashing gems of metaphor;
Whose art, responsive to his will,
Makes voluble the thoughts that fill
The cultured windings of his brain,
Yet takes no sounding of the pain,
The joy, the yearnings of the heart
Untrammelled by the bonds of art.
O! poet truer far than he
Is such an one as you may be,
When in the quiet night you keep
Mute vigil on the marge of sleep.

If then, with beating heart, you mark
God's nearer presence in the dark,
And musing on the wondrous ways
Of Him who numbers all your days,
Pay tribute to Him with your tears

For joys, for sorrows, hopes and fears
Which He has blessed and given to you,
You are the poet, great and true.
For there are songs within the heart
Whose perfect melody no art
Can teach the tongue of man to phrase.
These are the songs His poets raise,
When in the quiet night they keep
Mute vigil on the marge of sleep.

ON A MAY MORNING

THE weary heart hath Night for peace,
If Day deny it bliss,
But where's the heart would seek release
From such a day as this?
Night gave me rest and quiet breath
Within that outer keep of Death
Where Sleep is gentle warden,
But, oh! the living joys that thrill
Across this sunny window-sill
That looks upon my garden!
The joyance of the Spring is there.
The moist earth breathes it on the air;
And God's sweet prophets, making
Their orisons in music, sing:
"Sleep hath no peace except it bring
A sweeter joy at waking."
May I, one night, with peaceful brow,
Pass Death, the grisly warden,
And know the joy of life, as now
I see it in my garden.

TO A ROBIN

I HEARD thee, joyous votary,
Pour forth thy heart in one
Sweet simple strain of melody
To greet the rising sun,
When he across the morning's verge his first faint flare had flung
And found the crimson of thy breast the whisp'ring leaves among,
In thine own tree
Which sheltered thee,
Thy mate, thy nest, thy young.

I marked thee, sorrow's votary,
When in the noon of day
Young vandals stormed thy sacred tree
And bore thine all away;
The notes of grief that rent thy breast touched kindred chords in mine,
For memories of other days, though slumbering, still confine

In mine own heart
The bitter smart
Of sorrow such as thine.

I hear thee now, sweet votary,
Beside thy ruined nest,
Lift up thy flood of melody
Against the crimsoned west,
Forgetful of all else in this, thy one sweet joyous strain.
I thank thee for this ecstasy of my remembered pain;
Thou liftest up
My sorrow's cup
To sweeten it again.

THE JOURNEY'S END

GOOD-BYE, dear heart. Be thou, as I am, glad.
Glad for the grace of loneliness and yearning
My heart, far faring from thee, shall have had
Ere its returning.
Pluck future joy from out this present pain;
Rejoice to know that these small seeds of sorrow
Shall be Love's harvest when we meet again,
Some bright to-morrow.

ALL HALLOWS EVE

A LOVER of true lovers all,
I tune my heart to yours,
All ye who hold, in cot or hall,
One passion that endures;
And though for love's lost morn ye pine
Or in its noon delight,
Your heart-song shall be merged with mine
Upon this holy night.

I sing with thee, O merry boy,
At young love's opening door;
I sigh with thee, lone man, whose joy
Has been, but is no more.
True love is deathless. Wherefore grieve?
What was, again shall be.
I sing, this sweet All Hallows Eve,
Love's immortality.

THE DAY OF THE CIRCUS HORSE

IT was a fiery circus horse
That ramped and stamped and neighed,
Till every creature in its course
Fled, frightened and dismayed.
The chickens on the roadway's edge
Arose, and flapped their wings,
And making for the sheltering hedge
Flew off like crazy things.

Nor iron gates nor fences barred
That mettled steed's career.
It galloped right across our yard
And filled us all with fear;
And when it tossed its head and ran
Straight through the pantry door,
Cook almost dropped her frying-pan
Upon the kitchen floor!

It neighed and pranced and wheeled about
And scampered off, but then
We scarcely saw the creature out
When it was in again.
And so throughout the livelong day,
Through house and yard and street,
That charger held its fearsome way
And only stopped to eat.

But when, at dusk, a little lame,
It slowly climbed the stairs,
Behold! a gentle lady came
And made it say its prayers.
Now, what a wondrous change you see!
'Sh! Come and take a peep —
Here lies, as tame as tame can be,
A little boy, asleep!

TO THE JOY-BRINGER

HAPPY, together we have watched our boys
At merrymaking, by the summer sea,
In autumn woods, beneath our own roof-tree,
Nor ever wished to draw them from their toys
For formal thanks to us; for through the noise
Of their rough play and fresh, unfettered glee
Rang praise enough, dear heart, for thee and me,
Who, under God, are makers of their joys.

Oh, then, dear lady, deem me not remiss
In that I have but seldom set apart
Thy name in praiseful song. My singing is,
Like any child's, a thing devoid of art;
But joy it hath and thine all praise for this —
I sing beneath the shelter of thy heart.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS

A SONG FOR JANUARY

'TWAS Joy that laid the passing year,
'Tis Joy that speeds the new;
All joy that I have known, my dear,
Hath been and is in you.
All peace and hope of peace, my dear,
Forever lives in you.

Like Janus, who with faces twain
Kept watch in ancient Rome,
My love shall front old days again
And days that are to come.

So, in this month of Janus, here
Where merge the old and new,
Howe'er my joy may turn, my dear,
It must envisage you.

Its past may count but twenty suns,
Its future reacheth far;

Beyond the edge of time it runs,
Beyond the utmost star.

'Twas Joy that laid the passing year,
'Tis Joy that speeds the new;
All joy that I have known, my dear,
Hath been and is in you.
All peace and hope of peace, my dear,
Forever lives in you.

A SONG FOR FEBRUARY

WHEN the gusts of midwinter have whitened
The graves of the flowers
Whose warm fragrance and beauty once brightened
Our happiest hours,
Shall we muse on one memoried pleasure
And mourn for its dearth?
Nay, my love, here is measure for measure —
Here's home and the hearth.

There is nothing of ill can betide me,
Though all joys but my hearth be denied me.
Where the kettle is singing its tune,
And you sit on the settle beside me,
It is June, it is June!

For the joy one fleet season hath taken
Another is born.

Though our woods, by the thrushes forsaken,
Stand cold and forlorn,
And though, voiceless, the brooklet lies sleeping,
Ice-bound in the earth —
Ah! the warmth and the music upleaping
At home, from the hearth!

There is nothing of ill can betide me,
Though all joys but my hearth be denied me.
Where the kettle is singing its tune,
And you sit on the settle beside me,
It is June, it is June!

A SONG FOR MARCH

WHO sings of March must sing the mad,
Lone man-at-arms, the straggler clad
In motley white and brown —
Who in the wake of Winter's flight
Turns now to caper, now to fight —
Half hector and half clown.
One moment from a cloud-capped hill
He blares his slogan, wild and shrill;
The next, with gusty laughter,
Outsteps the sunbeams as they dance,
And leers, and flouts with backward glance,
The maid who follows after.
O! sing the maid,
The light-heart maid,
Who follows, follows after.

He flees her down the lengthening days;
She follows him through woodland ways,
O'er hills and vales between,

And sets for mark of victory
On every bush and hedge and tree
  Her flag of tender green;
And when her breath hath spiced the night
With promise of the warm delight
  Of young June's love and laughter,
No other song may true hearts sing
But "Speed thy passing, March, and bring
  The maid who follows after;
    The light-heart maid,
    The lily maid,
  Who follows, follows after."

A SONG FOR APRIL

(*To Nancy on her fifth birthday*)

"LET lovers raise
In April's praise
Songs sprung of pagan fancy,
But, oh, for me,
With eyes to see
Her very soul in Nancy,
They cannot sing
So sweet a thing
As this that April taught me —
The blessing of
The little love
Whom years ago she brought me.

So, Loveling, come! we'll wander through
Your native fields together,
And I will make my song of you
All out of April weather;
Upon a time when God's great plans
Were in his looms above us,

And all His angel-artisans,
  Who cherish us and love us,
Shot shining shuttles in and out
  To fashion April weather,
The little angels sat about
  And sang and played together.
Oh, you shall hear the game they played,
  So innocent and jolly;
They took the weavers' shreds and made
  A little angel dolly!
Of blended blossoms pink and white,
  The little angels made it,
With every essence of delight
  Endowed it and arrayed it;
With soft blue bits of April skies
  And sunlight's golden flashes
They wrought the beauty of its eyes
  And of its hair and lashes.
No shred the April weavers left
  But those small angels caught it,
Inwove it in their mimic weft
  And fashioned it and wrought it.
Then God, who watched their labour, smiled

And took it and caressed it,
And lo! it was a living child,
For with His breath He blessed it.
So when the weavers' work was done,
All in the bright spring weather,
Sweet April and the little one
Came down to earth together,
And straight to our own home she flew
And gave you to your mother!
Ay! sweet, the little child was you,
Just Nancy and no other.

O! who may sing
A sweeter thing
Than this that April taught me.
The blessing of
The little love
Whom years ago she brought me?

A SONG FOR MAY

AWAKE! arise! grey dreams and slumber scorning,
For every dormer looking on the east
Is portal to the banquet hall this morning
Where May hath called her lovers to her feast.
Lo! as it were a pledging goblet, glowing
In her rose fingers over which do run
The golden bubbles poured to overflowing,
Up, up, she lifts the sun!
Oh, drink with her this airy wine of spring,
That from her hands her winged breezes bring,
Sweet philter for all hearts on earth that be!
Hark! how the birds are drunk with it and sing;
Mark, where the flushed winds spill it on the sea,
How, lapping it, the waves go carolling;

See how dull earth, meek flower and
stately tree,
Where'er the breezes haste it,
Rejoice that they may taste it.
Shall we, then, slumb'ring, waste it —
This draught of ecstasy?
O lovers all, in this sweet wine
I pledge you and your loves and mine —
A cup with you!
Up! up! with you,
And drink the May with me!

A SONG FOR JUNE

'TIS June! the glad time when I found thee,
O thou, my sweet flower of love!
The dear olden glamour is 'round thee,
The same tender sky bends above.
New beauties the summer discloses,
But none that can rival thee now;
Not one of its fairest young roses
Is perfect as thou.

One June brings the red rose of passion
And marks its frail beauty decline,
But June upon June could not fashion
The rose of a love such as thine.
Not long in the gardens of pleasure
Are love's sweetest flowers possessed;
The love that hath leavening measure
Of sorrow is best.

This June its new beauties discloses,
But none that can rival thee now.
Not one of its fairest young roses
Is perfect as thou.

A SONG FOR JULY

'TIS the noon of the year.
As a toiler, oppressed
By the labour and heat,
Folds his hands on his breast,
Drawing strength from his dreams,
Lo! the earth swings at rest
In the noon of the year.

'Tis the noon of the year.
Ere it pass to its wane,
Over full-bosomed trees,
Over yellowing grain,
Earth, the toiler, a-drowse,
Must revive him again
In the noon of the year.

'Tis the noon of the year.
Come, be one with it, sweet!
Love in idleness calls
Through the languorous heat,

Where the dream poppies nod
In the wind-wimpled wheat,
In the noon of the year.

A SONG FOR AUGUST

SINCE thou hast gone, I often see
In garden closes
Faint-visioned effigies of thee
Among the roses;
Some semblance of thy beauty's bloom,
Some savour of the sweet perfume
That clung around thee.
But never was I fain to say
"This rose is thine" until to-day —
To-day I found thee.

Where Poverty in squalor lies,
Within the city,
Where summer sears but never sighs
With breath of pity,
How little speaks of thee; but there
Thy rose of roses, sweet and fair,
I found this morning!
The white rose in its broken pot
An attic window's garden-plot
I saw adorning.

Ne'er bloomed a sweeter flower of love
In greenest valley,
Than that white rose, set high above
The squalid alley.
If anywhere on earth thou art,
Here would'st thou hide thy mother heart
In self-abasement;
This rose must house thy spirit mild
To cheer the little sickly child
Behind that casement.

A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER

THERE's a death-damp in the dawn
And a fever in the noon;
Summer's tender bloom is gone
And her soul will follow soon.
Yet the leaves upon her trees
And her nodding flowers fling
Benedictions down the breeze
As they sing:

"'Morituri salutamus,'
But we shall not die in vain.
We shall fill your dreams with beauty
Till the summer comes again."

There are voices in the night,
And the calm stars overhead
Are like tapers set a-light
In the chamber of the dead.
And the mourning katydid
Sits and beats its strident wings,

In its leafy-covert hid,
And it sings:

"'Morituri salutamus,'
But we shall not die in vain,
We shall fill your dreams with beauty
Till the summer comes again."

A SONG FOR OCTOBER

FRUITFUL October! so fair and calm,
Singing of God and His charity,
Every note of thy joyous psalm
Chords of my heart give back to thee.
Joy for the riches thy bounty yields
Over the breadth of our smiling fields!
Out of the months that have gone before,
Gathering tribute for this thy store,
E'en from the torpid December moon,
From the vernal rains and the heats of June,
All that was good thou hast drawn and brought.
Nothing a loss;
E'en from the dross,
Alchemist marvellous, thou hast wrought
Misted gold for thy noon's delights,
Silver of frost for thy twinkling nights.
Blest in thy blessing, all beauty now
Glows as a diadem on thy brow.

So, let me sing to thee,
So, let me bring to thee
Praise of the queen of my soul, for she,
Bountiful bringer of joys to me,
Wearing thy glory, is kin to thee.
How hath she wrought with the passing years?
All of their pleasures and pains and tears,
All their rose hopes and their pallid fears,
Through her sweet being have issued forth
Fused into treasure of priceless worth.
Look on the fruits of her alchemy,
Lisping their music around her knee.
Muse on the splendour of her sweet face,
Motherly wisdom and maiden grace.
Gold of your noon-time is in her hair;
Aye, and your silver of frost is there.
Tell me, October, oh, who so fair?
Not even thou
Weareth a brow
Fuller of beauty or freer of care.
Oh, for the guerdon of quiet bliss,
For the yet warm heart and the cool sweet kiss

Of her perfect loving; for this, for this,
Fruitful October, so fair and calm,
  Singing of God and His charity,
Every note of thy joyous psalm
 Chords of my heart give back to thee!

A SONG FOR NOVEMBER

WHEN crows croak in the leaden sky
O'er prone grey field and spectral wood,
And all that greets thine ear and eye
Sends eerie echoes through thy blood,
Oh, close the door and come within
Where never winter's chill may win;
For here, my dear,
Proportioned to thy need of me
The measure of my love shall be.

When boding night-winds snarl and moan
'Round gabled roof and frosted pane,
'Tis not our common hearth alone
That makes the winds' forebodings vain,
But those twin sparks of fire divine
It feeds from in thy heart and mine;
For here, my dear,
Thy need of me, my need of thee,
The measure of our love must be.

A SONG FOR DECEMBER

THE earth's shroud is embossed
With gems of twinkling frost;
The heavens snap with cold.
A wind mysterious thrills,
Above the sleeping hills,
With music sweet and old.
The stars sang one December
And shake with music yet;
For aye they will remember,
Although the world forget,
The God-child's birth-cry ringing
From out a lowly place
That set the planets singing
In farthest fields of space.

From warm sweet depths of sleep
Where little child-hearts keep
Their faith until the morn,
Beyond the sunset bars
To shake the farthest stars

Another song is borne.
Their hopeful dreams ascending
In waves of music flow,
A joyous chorus blending
With that of long ago.
With song the night is teeming,
But, oh, how mute we are,
Who have nor faith for dreaming
Nor wisdom of the star!

L'ENVOI

TO A TENANT

YOU found this house, dear lady, over run
With noisome things that wait upon decay,
All pent within it mouldering in the grey,
Sick gloom of long disuse whose webs were spun
Through all its halls. You entered, and, the sun
And God's air coming with you, swept away
All ugliness and squalor, on that day
When first your life-long leasehold was be-gun.

You tell me now your house, this heart of mine,
Is warm and ever-beautiful and fair,
And call me benefactor, nor divine

How little debt you owe, how much I
bear
To you who made this shabby place a shrine
On that sweet day when first you entered
there.

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